

With torment and with shameful deeth
 echon

This provost dooth thise Jewes for to sterve
 That of this mordre wiste, and that anon.
 He nolde no swich cursednesse observe.
 'Yvele shal have that yvele wol deserve';
 Therefore with wilde hors he dide hem drawe,
 And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

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Upon this beere ay lith this innocent
 Biforn the chief auter, whil masse laste;
 And after that, the abbot with his covent
 Han sped hem for to burien him ful faste;
 And whan they hooly water on him caste,
 Yet spak this child, whan spreynd was hooly
 water,
 And song *O Alma redemptoris mater!*

This abbot, which that was an hooly man,
 As monkes been – or elles oghte be –
 This yonge child to conjure he bigan,
 And seide, 'O deere child, I halse thee,
 In vertu of the hooly Trinitee,
 Tel me what is thy cause for to singe,
 Sith that thy throte is kut to my seminge?'

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'My throte is kut unto my nekke boon,'
 Seide this child, 'and, as by wey of kinde,
 I sholde have died, ye, longe time agon.
 But Jesus Crist, as ye in bookes finde,
 Wil that his glorie laste and be in minde,
 And for the worship of his Mooder deere
 Yet may I sing *O Alma* loude and cleere.

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